

The Family

All things that are of earth must die, As this upon the morning sky, Depart & as each blushing streak Upon sweet evening's lovely cheek, But of her speedy death doth speak.

All die. The flowing streams that gleam By river-banks or pulsing streams, Or in the woodland hollows teem, Or on the grassy level lie, In splendor bloom the summer day, All bud and blossom, all bloom and die.

All die. The green leaves on the trees, That whisper love-words to the breeze, And drink its kisses, even these, Do fade, and in brown rain fall, And spread o'er earth a deathly pall. A noiseless warning cry to all.

All die. Good, evil, aged, and young, The infant, with its lisping tongue, Grey headed sage, strong-shouldered son, Pass from the world not so above; There never falleth life and love, From love no death shall e'er remove.

Life is eternal in high heaven, Where rest is the weary given, And friend from friend no more is riv'd, Where peace and smiles are all the day, And gloom and sorrow bear no sway, Nor pain, nor evil, nor decay. —Alfred Knott.

The Praying Boy.

There was a gentleman in New York who was an infidel. He never went to church. He had no Bible in the house. He did not believe that Jesus was a divine being, but that he died to save sinners. When this gentleman was a child he had a pious mother. She made him read the Bible. She filled the store-room of his memory with its precious promises. We shall see presently what use these were to him. This gentleman was married. His wife was a Christian. They had one child, a bright, intelligent little boy. The nurse of this child was a pious woman. She used often to talk to him about Jesus. She taught him the beautiful hymn—

"There is a happy land, For heaven,"

His parents, though they were not Christians, taught him to say his prayers at night, and often he would ask questions about God and the "happy land" which they had found it very hard to answer.

One evening the little fellow was lying on the bed partly undressed; his father and mother were seated by the fire. Tommy, as he was called, had not been a good boy that day. His mother had been telling his father what he had done, and how she had to punish him for it. All was quiet for awhile, when suddenly the child broke out in a loud sobbing and crying which surprised his parents. His father went to him and asked what was the matter.

"I don't want it, father—I don't want it," said he.

"What is it, my child? what is it?" he asked.

"Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the bad things I have done to-day. I don't want to die. I wish it would be wiped out." Then he cried again bitterly, and his father was almost ready to cry with him. What could he do? I said his father was an infidel. But now he put aside his infidelity. He remembered the truths of the Bible which his mother had taught him when he was a child. He turned to them now, and tried to comfort his distressed child with them.

"Don't cry, my dear child," he said, "if you can't let it all wipe out in a minute, if you want."

"How, father, how?" asked Tommy, eagerly.

"Why, get down on your knees, and ask God for Christ's sake to wipe it out, and he will do it."

He did not have to speak twice. In an instant Tommy jumped out of bed and knelted down by the bedside. He put up his little hands, and was just about beginning, when he looked up and said, "O, father, won't you come and help me?"

This was a hard thing to ask. His father had great distress of his child, and how could he refuse? So the proud infidel man got down on his knees by the side of his dear boy, and asked God to wipe away his sins. Then they got up, and Tommy went into bed again. In a few moments he looked up and said, "Father, are you sure it's all wiped out?"

"What a question was that to ask an infidel! But he felt that he must give up his infidelity, as he answered, "Why, yes, the Bible says, if you ask God from your heart for Christ's sake to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done, it shall be blotted all out."

A sweet smile passed over the face of the child as he laid his little head upon the pillow. But presently he sat up again in bed, and said, "Father, what did that angel wipe it out with? not with a sponge?"

This was another question that almost staggered his father. He had been in the habit of saying that it was not necessary for Christ to shed his blood that men might be pardoned. But now he felt in a moment that it was necessary. God, the Father of the little group gathered around the bed, said to himself, "This is a question unless this was true. So he said—

pleasant—friends, fortune and home—and no future was brighter than their. As they ran through the yard, one of them, a small boy, a moment before a rat of dark, clear liquid, and asked his playmate what it was.

"I know," was the reply, "it tastes!"

"Yes! it tastes!"

"The little fellow put his mouth down, and took one swallow of the liquid. It was strong and it shrank the membranes of his throat and destroyed his palate, and from that day to this he has never eaten of solid food. Bread, broth, or sugar and water, is all the nourishment he feeble life receives. The story is true. It was a cruel joke, and the boy who perpetrated it will bitterly regret it, for it will yet probably cost a human life.

Some boys were playing on a frozen pond which had several spots of weak ice. One of the boys tied his skates together and whirled them to the centre of the pond, and there fell them lying. "Just wait," he said to a boy near him. "I'll give you a little of the fun."

Joe was a small, poorly-dressed boy, who suffered much at the hands of his older and more powerful companions. When he came to the pond the boy to whom the skates belonged was sitting on the ice looking quite forlorn.

"If I had only my skates I'd go home," he was saying. "Maybe you will just run over and get them, Joe, like a good fellow; who were they pointing to the spot. Joe, who was possessed of an accommodating spirit, ran briskly to get them. And, as the other boy had planned, Joe was to take the skates and go home, while the other boy, who was waiting, was to go through with the rest.

There was a great laughter at his rustic face as he scrambled out; but he was poor, and had no clothes to change for his wet ones. The cold and damp struck into his feeble frame, and he died in less than a month, of typhus fever, the physician said, but the drenching "for fun" sowed the seeds.

I have related two practical jokes, with the result. They were not so very funny after all. Even if they had not ended so fatally, you have only to imagine what your feelings would be in such positions, and avoid amusement that for its foundation even the temporary unhappiness of a fellow-being. There are a thousand sports that involve no peril or suffering. Embrace them all, to the entire exclusion of such questionable pleasures as practical jokes.—Christian Times and Witness.

"Children and Jesus." A TOUCHING INCIDENT. An eye-witness sends us the following:—A few weeks ago, as Mr. Hammond and his wife, just starting for Europe, seated themselves in the Erie Railroad cars in the United States, a lady came and asked Mr. Hammond if her little daughter might have the privilege of speaking with him. In a moment she was sitting contentedly on his knee, when the following conversation ensued:

"I don't remember," said Mr. Hammond, "that I ever saw you before. How did you know me?"

"Oh, I have seen your picture."

"Where did you see it?"

"I saw it in the book you wrote for children, called 'Children and Jesus,' and ever since I have wanted to see you and thank you; for that book told me how to trust in Jesus, and get a new heart, and be a Christian."

What, said Mr. Hammond, "are you a Christian?"

"I think I am."

"How old are you?"

"I am seven years old."

"And when was it you got a new heart?"

Agiculture.

Treatment of Domestic Animals. Many people of good judgment in most things, evince a wonderful lack of this quality of mind when managing the brute creation. This was strikingly exemplified a few days since in one of the streets of this city. A man drove a span of horses up in front of a grocery store left them there unattended, and went in for some purpose. The man who was driving the horses, but as if this was not enough to properly test their patience, the flies added their bites to the measure of discomfort. The poor brutes thus assailed by heat and flies, became restive and moved along. The owner from the grocery call out croakily "whoa!" The horses obedient to the word stopped as bidden to do.

They are restive—kicking off a fly here and snapping at one there, and finally moving along again. The owner observes them with an exclamation of surprise, and a feeble attempt to restrain the horse or less disposed to retrace the former path, he has recourse to a measure more judicious than his usual method of restraint. He has recourse to a measure more judicious than his usual method of restraint. He has recourse to a measure more judicious than his usual method of restraint.

Woodrill's Worm Lozenges. This is not only a most efficacious vermifuge, but also a most valuable remedy for the various ailments of the human system, such as indigestion, biliousness, and headache.

Miscellaneous Works. For general reading—new opening at the Wesleyan Book Room.

Radway's Ready Relief. Price Twenty-Five Cents per Bottle.

Children and Jesus. A touching incident.

Window Gardening. It is generally agreed that the presence of flowers in the living-room of even the humblest cottage, is most appropriate and pleasing; and that they, in no small degree, to the attraction of a home. My present object, is merely to drop a few hints on this subject, and to suggest a few simple, but highly effective, and easy to manage methods of window gardening.

Radway's Ready Relief. Its three methods of application.

Radway's Ready Relief. Rubbing the spine.

Radway's Ready Relief. Second method of application.

Radway's Ready Relief. Third method of cure.

Canada Cholera.

Radway's Ready Relief as a Liniment.

The King's Evil.

The Great Sore Medicoine.

Radway's Renovating Resolvent.

Washing Calicoes.

Practical Jokes.

Woodrill's Worm Lozenges. Remedy for Worms.

Woodrill's Worm Lozenges. Treatment of Domestic Animals.

Woodrill's Worm Lozenges. Miscellaneous Works.

Radway's Ready Relief. Children and Jesus.

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